

NINETY-EIGHTH YEAR.

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# PLATONIC ALIENATION OF WIFE'S AFFECTION IS CHARGED BY JOPLIN MAN, WHO SEEKS TO PAUPERIZE MINE OWNER

No Allegations of Impropriety Are Made by A. Roy Fuller Against His Wife, Who, He Says, Is Above Suspicion—She Frankly Tells Him That She Loves Budd M. Robinson, Whose Fortune Is Estimated at \$300,000—Fuller Sues for \$15,000, but His Scheme of Vengeance Is to Have Mrs. Robinson Get Her Husband's Money--Parallel Mentality Given as Reason for Attachment Which Wrecked Two Homes--Were Former Friends.



BUDD M. ROBINSON  
JOPLIN MAN  
WHO IS ACCUSED OF  
ALIENATING THE AFFECTIONS  
OF MRS. ROY FULLER.



MRS. A. ROY FULLER.  
JOPLIN SOCIETY WOMAN WHOSE  
HUSBAND SUES BUDD M. ROBINSON,  
A WEALTHY MINE OWNER  
FOR \$15,000.

PHOTOGRAPH  
BY  
JEANETTE  
JOPLIN.

**WIFE ABOVE SUSPICION.**  
**DECLARS BOTH MEN.**  
Budd M. Robinson is one of the wealthy mine owners of Joplin. His fortune is estimated to be \$300,000. He is accused of alienating the affections of Mrs. A. Roy Fuller, whose husband was formerly private secretary to Mr. Robinson. No charge of impropriety is made. Mrs. Fuller left Joplin on July 1 after telling her husband that she loved Mr. Robinson better than she loved him. She is said to be in Chicago. Mr. Robinson left Joplin on July 1 and went to Chicago. As to Fuller's suit against him for \$15,000, he says:  
"There was no impropriety in our relations. Our tastes were the same and we were irresistibly drawn to each other."  
Fuller says:  
"They thought the same thoughts, as they liked the same things, but their relations went no further than friendship. My wife is above suspicion."

**PLATONIC ALIENATION.**  
Bright, busy and breezy Joplin, the metropolis of Southwest Missouri, is not easily startled by a scandal, but she has been made to quail and sit up and take notice within the last week.

No novel is the idea of a scandal with no real scandal in it; that many of the inhabitants of this great mining town are inclined to reserve judgment until the now famous Fuller-Robinson case has been finally adjudicated in the courts.

That there is room for skepticism is acknowledged. Platonic alienation is no new thing in jurisprudence and so strange a thing in Joplin, or for that matter anywhere else, that the people will have to be better acquainted with it before they will come to see its fine points. Budd M. Robinson, young and rich, is being sued for \$15,000 by A. Roy Fuller, young and poor, who charges that Robinson has alienated the affections of Mrs. Fuller. That the relations of Robinson and Mrs. Fuller never extended beyond the bounds of Platonism is acknowledged and emphasized by the accuser.

This condition promises to make the affair more than a nine-days' wonder in Joplin. Not only laymen in the home town of the principals will watch the case with most absorbing interest, but lawyers throughout the country will look to it for a precedent.

Already two prominent families are so hopelessly involved that no one is rash enough to predict the outcome. Fuller and his wife are living apart as a result of the tangle and the relations of Robinson and his wife are said to be most formal.

There never was a closer circle of friends than these same four persons until six weeks ago. So firm were the ties of friendship which bound them all together, that there was a severing of heartstrings when they were rent asunder. Most of all did the two women suffer.

## SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

### MEN WERE WARM FRIENDS.

Budd M. Robinson and A. Roy Fuller were soldiers of fortune. They had much in common. They were poor, they were ambitious. For a long time before they knew each other the prodigals of their lives were existing on the same beat. To both of them the finger of Fate pointed out the wonderful lead and zinc fields of Missouri, and to both of them the voice of Destiny said: "Go there and look for wealth."

They were about the same age. They were happily married. They saw the world from the western point of view. In a place like Joplin, where human sympathies are quick to find their parallel, it was inevitable that these two young men should have fallen to meet.

When Robinson went there Fuller had been in the town five years. Things had not gone well with him. Try as he would he could not make the money he needed. The "mine" which would enable him to make the fortune which awaits those who follow the call of Joplin's owner, but he had failed of a wonder of experience.

**THE CASE AT A GLANCE.**  
Budd M. Robinson "likes" Mrs. A. Roy Fuller.  
A. Roy Fuller "loves" Mrs. Robinson.  
Mrs. Fuller "loves" Mr. Robinson.  
Mr. Robinson "loves" Mrs. Robinson.  
Mrs. Robinson "sympathizes" with Mr. Fuller.  
Mr. Fuller "adores" Mrs. Robinson.

**STATEMENTS BY PRINCIPALS IN SUIT**  
**BY BUDD M. ROBINSON.**  
It seems to me that \$15,000 is a pretty cheap price to put on the affections of a woman that you really care for. I have done nothing wrong; neither has Mrs. Fuller. We have been good friends and I think we have had a certain sort of attraction for each other. I have a wife and a four-year-old boy, and I would do anything in the world rather than injure them. I fail to see why a man cannot have a woman friend as well as a man friend. Primarily it was our mutual appreciation of the qualities of a good horse that drew us together. We both liked to ride, and we did so openly, mostly in daylight. If we were out after dark it was on the main traveled roads, on which there is always a great deal of traffic around Joplin. We were never where we should not be, and were never under a roof together, except in our homes or at public entertainments at which my wife was present.

**BY A. ROY FULLER.**  
My wife is all right, except that she has left our home. Her association with Robinson was the cause. Some men would go out and shoot him; others would give him a beating. I am big enough to thrash him, but I do not want to do that. Mrs. Robinson is a fine woman. I admire her greatly and I would like to see her get the fortune which he now has. If there is any way to force him to divide his property with her or give it all to her and get out of town, I will help to do it. My wife and Robinson are more alike than any man and woman I have ever seen. They are both strong-minded and self-willed. He hasn't got her yet, but if ever he gets her they will lead a cat-and-dog life.

strictly they had felt their kinship in the family of drivers. Robinson was impressed by the native brightness of Fuller, whom he came to look upon as a confidant and an adviser in efforts to raise his "take." When, at last, Robinson was in a position to take a lease on a parcel of mining land the two went over it together. There was a period of frequent waiting and then happened the thing which so often falls out in the Joplin district.

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PAUL VAN TUYL'S.

town. He became beyond the powers of individual effort and when it was necessary for him to hire a private secretary he did not hesitate in the selection. A Roy Fuller was the man of men for the place.

Now, too, Mrs. Robinson came into her own. Doors of exclusive homes in Joplin opened to her as if by magic. Round by round in the ascent of the social ladder she took with her the friend of the days that were different. Mrs. A. Roy Fuller.

At a reception given by Mrs. Robinson two years ago Mrs. Fuller was in the receiving line assisting the hostess. Mrs. Robinson introduced Mrs. Fuller to Mr. Robinson. This was the beginning of that strange relationship which has involved four lives in the meshes of misfortune.

Robinson never before met the wife of his secretary. Those were busy times for the men. Affairs of moment filled their days and nights and they had little time and less inclination for social diversion. They were slaves of routine.

Fuller had the full confidence of his employer and to his share fell most of the office work. Robinson looked after the mine and saw that the product was taken from the ground at the maximum of profit. With the frankness of a boy Robinson said to Fuller the morning after the reception: "Roy, I like your wife." There was nothing but compliment in the remark. It was received with appreciation and was soon forgotten.

To-day Robinson will say to anyone who asks him: "I like Mrs. Fuller." He says it without bravado and without shame. He says it with a steady voice and a clear and motionless eye. There is in his manner the same boyish frankness which caused his remark to seem harmless when it was first made. Stranger still it is regarded as innocent by the man of all men who might be expected at this time to accept it with suspicion born of jealousy.

But right here is the strange feature of the whole queer story. There is no taint of jealousy anywhere. Fuller is not jealous of Robinson. So far as can be judged from the statements made by those most closely interested this is the fact. Town gossip may and do try to go behind the returns, but the records are clear so far as first-hand information can be relied upon. Recognition of this point is necessary to a full appreciation of the events which followed that momentous time when young Robinson first said: "Roy, I like your wife."

Yet Fuller has debated with himself the advisability of shooting Robinson. He has weighed the policy of administering corporal punishment, and, putting both aside, he has figured an entirely different scheme of revenge, which in itself is as novel as the platonic basis of his action.

As outlined by Robinson, and in every point agreed to by Fuller, there was no motive except parallel mentality in the actions of Robinson and Mrs. Fuller. If there is a similar parallel between the minds of Fuller and Mrs. Robinson it has not so far shown on the surface, except as possibly indicated by Fuller's plan of vengeance.

The accusing husband does not impugn the motives of Robinson and Mrs. Fuller during the two years when they were so frequently together. But when he saw what this mutual attraction led to he attempted to correct his error of judgment, and the result is the ruin of two homes. After that pivotal point of his wife's reception Robinson found that Mrs. Fuller had the same love as he had for outdoor life and adventure. She was an active, well-poised woman, the very opposite of her rather quiet, office-bound husband. Above all, she loved horses and was a good rider. In Joplin there is no better man in the saddle than Robinson. His first outlay when he made his fortune was for a horse.

One day he told Fuller that he was going to take Mrs. Fuller out to show her his mine at "Chitwood." "I'll hire an extra horse at the livery stable and take it around to the house for her," he said. There was no objection.

Thus they rode day after day. Mrs. Robinson knew. Fuller knew. They did not see the shadow of tragedy following the joyous riders. Mrs. Robinson had no inclination for the sport. Robinson had no time. So the two of the four good friends who could enjoy themselves while the other two were complacent. Soon the riders became familiar figures on the streets of Joplin and on the road to the mines. At times Mrs. Fuller would ride out to the work and join Robinson there. One day an employee said to the mine owner: "Mr. Robinson, your wife has been here looking for you."